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BIOGRAPHY.

MORRIS SPILLARD.

Of the early part of the life of this most remarkable character, (as a pedestrian) we have no information. He is, we believe, a native American, and is fully entitled to our notice, on account of the many singular exploits he has achieved. Even during an indisposition, some years ago, this gentleman left Charleston, and proceeded to Augusta, &c. and travelled through the greatest part of East-Florida. He travelled to St. Mary's, and from thence through the wilderness to the Creek nation, where Mr. M'Gillivray kindly received him. After going to Pensacola, he crossed over to New-Orleans, where, unexpectedly, the Governour (baron de Carondolet) not only gave him a general passport, but also letters of recommendation to the Governour of the Natchez, as well as to all the posts and districts in the province of Louisiana. Mr. Spillard's intention being to explore the Missouri river to its source, and other great rivers which pass through Mexico to the Gulph of California, he left New-Orleans in company with some gentlemen, who insisted on seeing him as far as the Walnut Hills. Here he crossed the Mississippi, and reached the confluence of the Missouri with that river. On the Missouri he travelled near 800 miles without obstruction, and then fell in with some white hunters from Ouchita, who advised him not to proceed any further on that river, as they themselves had been out two years, and lost all their peltry and horses, narrowly escaping with their lives, from the Osage Indians. In consequence of this information, Mr. Spillard returned to the Natchez, and from thence came down the Mississippi to

the confluence of Red river, the source of which he was determined to find out at all events. After rowing against that rapid stream for nine days, with the assistance of four resolute men, he reached Avoyall, and, after examining that island, set off for Appalousa, on his way to Attakapa and New Iberia, which he carefully examined. He then crossed the Great Plains, and came to a village of the Attakapa Indians. From thence he crossed the Mintour and Carcasaw rivers, and struck across the mountains to Nachitoches. From Natchitoches he went to Nacogdoches, St. Antoine, and Labide, in the province of Taxus, in New-Spain, crossing the great rivers Sabina, Trinidad, Losbraces, Warloop, and Colorada, (or Red river.) Shortly after, he proceeded to the south mountain of St. a Fé, where he fell in with the southern source of Red river, which he followed till he came to the junction of the other branch, near which is a salt mountain, quite white and very hard. He then traversed the bank for twenty leagues, and crossed the river on a *raft*, from the New-Spain side to that of Louisiana ! the river dividing the two provinces a little above Natchitoches, at the creek Rousseau. On the Louisiana side he came along the plains as near Red river bank as possible, and had to raft across the falls of Ouchita, Muddy river, and the river of the Mine. From thence he came to the Pawney nation of Indians, and from the Pawnies to the Caddo nation, who live in the Great Plains, about half a mile from the river. The two nations abovementioned are very numerous and affable, and hospitable to strangers. He then came to the post of Natchitoches, where he rested but a short time ; for being still unsatisfied, he set off again for the post of Ouchita, (a distance of about 100 leagues from Natchitoches) crossing the Black Lake, the source of this river, which he had seen in the Great Plains ; for it was not far distant from Eaccommachee, or river of the Mine. But he was determined to go to the Hot Springs, which are three leagues to the left of that river, and from whence it is about twenty days journey to the gold mine—This mine runs across the Ouchita river, which, in the summer season, is not more than mid-leg deep in many places. Before Mr. Spillard could effect his intended route upon the Ouchita, he and his servant fell sick with the fever and ague. After travelling eleven days, the servant died, not being able to withstand the united inconveniences of sickness, hunger, and fatigue. Thus discouraged, Mr. Spillard with difficulty crawled back to the Ouchita post,

where he soon recovered his health, and returned by another route to Natchitoches. He then came down the river to the posts on the Rapids, and from thence to the junction of Black river with Red river. Here he built a raft, and passed the great swamp that leads to Natchez, on the west of the Mississippi. From Natches he came to New-Orleans, and then to Pensacola, where he took passage in one of Mr. Panton's ships for London, in order to complete the journal of his transactions. On his passage he was captured by a French privateer, and carried into Havanna. After being confined sometime, Mr. Spillard was liberated, and proceeded to England, and about the middle of December 1795, arrived in London. This singular character had been out near twelve years, and travelled on foot, during that time, the distance of 60,000 miles, and upwards; through all Europe, Asiatick Turkey, through Barbary, up to Macquinez and Fez in Morocco, and through the Arabs' country.

DOMESTICK DISCOVERIES.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES

Of the several Indian Tribes in Louisiana, south of Arkansa river, between the Mississippi and river Grand—in April, 1805.

[CONTINUED.]

CANCES, are a very numerous nation, consisting of a great many different tribes, occupying the country from the bay of St. Bernard to La Vera Cruz. Not friendly to the Spaniards, and kill them when they have an opportunity. They are good hunters, principally using the bow. Are particular in their dress, which is made of neatly dressed leather; the women wear a long loose robe, resembling that of a Franciscan friar; nothing but their heads and feet are to be seen. No estimate can be made of their number.

Thirty or forty years ago the Spaniards used to make slaves of them, when they could take them; a considerable number of them were brought to Natchitoches, and sold to the French inhabitants at 40 or 50 dollars a head, and a number of them are still living

here, but are now free. They have a language peculiar to themselves, and are in amity with all other Indians.

Tankaways, have no land, nor claim the exclusive right to any, but are always moving, alternately occupying the country watered by the Trinity, Braces, and Colerado, towards St. a Fe. Resemble the Cances and Hietans, but all in one horde or tribe. Their number of men is estimated at about 200; are good hunters; kill buffaloe and deer with the bow; have the best breed of horses; are alternately friends and enemies of the Spaniards. An old trader lately informed me that he had received 5000 deer skins from them in one year, exclusive of tallow, rugs, and tongues. They plant nothing, but live upon wild fruits and flesh; are strong, athletick people, and excellent horsemen.

Tawakenoes, or *Three Canes*. They are called by both names indifferently; live on the west side of the Braces, but are often, for some months at a time, lower down than their present place of residence, in the great prarie at the Tortuga, or Turtle, called so from its being a hill in the prairie, which at a distance appears in the form of a turtle, upon which there are some remarkable springs of water. Their usual residence is about 200 miles to the westward of Nacogdoches, towards St. a Fe. They are estimated at 200 men; are good hunters; have guns, but hunt principally with the bow; are supplied with goods from Nacogdoches, and pay for them in rugs, tongues, tallow, and skins. They speak the same language of the Panis, or Towiaches, and pretend to have descended from the same ancestors.

Panis, or *Towiaches*. The latter is the proper Indian name. They live on the south bank of Red river; by the course of the river upwards of 800 miles above Natchitoches, and by land, by the nearest path, is estimated at above 340. They call their present chief the Great Bear. They are at war with the Spaniards, but friendly to the American hunters who have lately been among them. They are likewise at war with the Osages, as are every other nation. For many hundreds of miles round them, the country is rich prairie, covered with luxuriant grass, which is green summer and winter, with skirts of wood on the river bank, by the springs and creeks.—They have many horses and mules. They raise more corn, pumpkins, beans, and tobacco, than they want for their own consumption; the surplusage they exchange with the Hietans for buffaloe rugs, horses, and mules; the pumpkins they

cut round in their shreds, and when it is in a state of dryness that it is so tough that it will not break, but bend, they plait and work it into large mats, in which state they sell it to the Hietans, who, as they travel, cut off and eat it as they want it. Their tobacco they cut as fine as tea, which is put into leather bags of a certain size, and is likewise an article of trade. Their meat is principally buffaloe; seldom kill a deer, though they are so plenty they come into their villages, and about their houses, like domestick animals; elk, bear, wolves, antelope, and wild hogs, are likewise plenty in their country, and white rabbits, or hares, as well as the common rabbit; white bears sometime come down amongst them, and wolves of all colours. The men generally go entirely naked, and the women nearly so, only wearing a small flap of a piece of a skin. Their language differs from that of any other nation, the Tawakenoes excepted. Their present number of men is estimated at about 400. A number of them, four years ago, were swept off by the small pox.

Hietans, or *Comanches*, have no fixed place of residence; have neither towns nor villages; divided into so many hordes or tribes, that they have scarcely any knowledge of each other. Never remain in the same place more than a few days, but follow the buffaloe, the flesh of which is their principal food. They have tents made of neatly dressed skins, fashioned in form of a cone, sufficiently roomy for ten or twelve persons; those of the chiefs will contain 50 or 60 persons. When they stop, their tents are pitched in very exact order, so as to form regular streets and squares, which in a few minutes has the appearance of a town, raised, as it were, by enchantment; and they are equally dexterous in striking their tents, and preparing for a march, when the signal is given; to every tent two horses or mules are allotted, one to carry the tent, and the other the poles or sticks, which are neatly made of red cedar. Their horses they never turn loose to graze, but always keep them tied with a long cabras or halter; and every two or three days they are obliged to move, on account of all the grass near them being eaten up, they have such numbers of horses. They sometimes catch wild horses, which are every where amongst them in immense droves. They hunt down the buffaloe on horseback, and kill them either with the bow or a sharp stick like a spear, which they carry in their hands. It is said the man who kills the buffaloe, catches the blood and drinks it while warm; they likewise eat the liver raw, before it is cold, and use the gaul by way of sauce. They are, for

savages, uncommonly clean in their persons. They never remain long enough in the same place to plant any thing: the small Cayenne pepper grows spontaneously in the country, with which, and some wild herbs and fruits, the women cook their buffaloe beef in a manner that would be grateful to an English squire. They alternately occupy the immense space of country from the Trinity and Braces, crossing Red river, to the heads of Arkansa and Missouri, to river Grand, and beyond it, about St. a Fe, and over the dividing ridge on the waters of the Western ocean, where they say they have seen large peroques, with masts in them; in describing which, they make a drawing of a ship, with all its sails and rigging. They have a number of Spanish men and women among them, who are slaves, and whom they made prisoners when young.

Natchitoches, formerly lived where the town of Natchitoches is now situated, took its name from them. An elderly French gentleman lately informed me, he remembered when they were 600 men strong. I believe it is now 98 years since the French first established themselves at Natchitoch; ever since, these Indians have been their steady and faithful friends. After the massacre of the French inhabitants of Natchez, by the Natchez Indians, in 1728, those Indians fled from the French, after being reinforced, and came up Red river, and camped about six miles below the town of Natchitoches, near the river, by the side of a small lake of clear water, and erected a mound of considerable size, where it now remains. Monsieur St. Dennie, a French Canadian, was then commandant at Natchitoches; the Indians called him the Big Foot, were fond of him, for he was a brave man. St. Dennie, with a few French soldiers, and what militia he could muster, joined by the Natchitoches Indians, attacked the Natchez in their camp, early in the morning; they defended themselves desperately for six hours, but were at length totally defeated by St. Dennie, and what of them that were not killed in battle, were drove into the lake, where the last of them perished, and the Natchez, as a nation, became extinct. The lake is now called by no other name than the Natchez lake. There are now remaining of the Natchitoches but 12 men and 19 women, who live in a village about 25 miles by land above the town which bears their name, near Lac de Muire. Their original language is the same as the Yattassee, but speak Caddo, and most of them French. They are gradually wasting away; the small pox has been their great destroyer. They still preserve

their Indian dress and habits; raise corn and those vegetables common in their neighbourhood.

Boluxas, are emigrants from near Pensacola; and came to Red river about 42 years ago, with some French families, who left that country about the time Pensacola was taken possession of by the English. They were then a numerous tribe, and have generally embraced the Roman Catholick religion, and were ever highly esteemed by the French. They settled first at Avoyall, then moved higher up to Rapide Bayau, and from thence to the mouth of Rigula de Bondieu, a division of Red river, about 40 miles below Natchitoch, where they now live, and are reduced to about 30 in number. Their native language is peculiar to themselves, but speak Mobilian, which is spoken by all the Indians from the east side of the Mississippi. They are honest, and friendly people.

Appalaches, are likewise emigrants from West-Florida, from off the river whose name they bear; came over to Red river about the same time the Boluxas did, and have, ever since, lived on the river, above Bayau Rapide. No nation have been more highly esteemed by the French inhabitants; there are only 14 men remaining, who have their own language, but speak French and Mobilian.

Allibamis, are also from West-Florida, off the Allibami river, and came to Red river about the same time of the Boluxas and Appalaches. The Caddos are friendly to them, and have no objections to their settling there. They speak the Creek and Chactaw languages, and Mobilian; most of them French, and some of them English.—There is another party of them, whose village is on a small creek, in Appelousa district, about 30 miles north-west from the church of Appelousa. They consist of about 40 men. They have lived at the same place ever since they came from Florida; raise corn, have horses, hogs, and cattle, and are quiet people.

Conchattas, first lived on bayau Chico, in Appelousa district, but, four years ago, moved to the river Sabine, settled themselves on the east bank, where they now live, in nearly a south direction from Natchitoch, and distant about 80 miles. They call their number of men 160, but say, if they were all together, they would amount to 200. They are good hunters, and game is plenty about where they are. One man alone, on Sabine, during the summer and fall hunting, killed 400 deer, and sold his skins at 40 dollars a hundred. The Conchattas are friendly with all other Indians, and speak well of their neighbours the Carankouas, who, they say, live about 80

miles south of them, on the bay, which, I believe, is the nearest point to the sea from Natchitoches. A few families of Chactaws have lately settled near them from Bayau Beuf. The Conchattas speak Creek, which is their native language, and Chactaw, and some of them English.

Pacanas, are a small tribe of about 30 men, who live on the Quelqueshoe river, which falls into the bay between Attakapa and Sabine, which heads in a prairie called Cooko prairie, about 40 miles south-west of Natchitoches. These people are emigrants from West-Florida, about 40 years ago. Their village is about 50 miles south-west of the Conchattas ; are said to be increasing a little in number ; quiet, peaceable, and friendly people. Their own language differs from any other, but speak Mobilian.

Attakapas. This word, I am informed, when translated into English, means man-eater, but is no more applicable to them than any other Indians. The district they live in is called after them. Their village is about twenty miles to the westward of the Attakapa church, towards Quelqueshoe. Their number of men is about 50, but some Tunicas and Humas, who have married in their nation and live with them, makes them altogether about 80. They are peaceable and friendly to every body ; labour, occasionally, for the white inhabitants ; raise their own corn, have cattle and hogs. Their language and the Carankouas is the same. They were, or near, where they now live, when that part of the country was first discovered by the French.

Appalousas. It is said the word Appalousa, in the Indian language, means black head, or black skull. They are aborigines of the district called by their name. Their village is about 15 miles west from the Appelousa church ; have about 40 men. Their native language differs from all other ; understand Attakapa, and speak French ; plant corn, have cattle and hogs.

Tunicas. These people lived formerly on the Bayau Tunica, above Point Coupee, on the Mississippi, east side ; live now at Avoyall ; do not at present exceed 25 men. Their native language is peculiar to themselves, but speak Mobilian ; are employed, occasionally, by the inhabitants as boatmen, &c. ; in amity with all other people, and gradually diminishing in numbers.

[*To be continued.*]

LONDON SLANG.

We have been favoured with a copy of the "*London Slang Dictionary*," lately published in England, which is used by the coiners, gamblers, swindlers, footpads, bullies, &c. in that country, and which is not much unlike the *flash language* of the noted Thomas Mount, of our own country.—Finding much of the *curious* in it, we cannot refrain from extracting a few of its *singular* phrases :—

Abram men, dressing themselves in rags, old ribbons, fox tails, &c. begging in the streets, pretending to be mad ; fellows who steal pocket-books only.

Adam Tiler, a receiver of stolen goods, a pick-pocket.

Amen Curler, a parish clerk.

Anglers, an order of thieves who make it a practice to go about breaking jewellers' windows, & stealing goods.

Ack Ruffians, rogues who, in conjunction with waterman, rob, and sometimes murder on the water.

Autem, a church, meeting-house.

Autem Bawler, a preacher, a parson.

Autem Cackle Tub, a meeting-house for dissenters, a pulpit.

Autem Dippers, anabaptists.

Autem Quaver's Tub, a quaker's meeting-house.

Ambidextor, one who snacks in gaming with both parties ; a lawyer who takes fees from the plaintiff and defendant at once.

Babes in the Wood, rogues in the stocks or pillory.

Barker, a prowler to pick up countrymen in the street.

Barking irons, pistols.

Beak Rum, a justice that will do any thing for money.

Black-coat, *Blackguard*, one who takes upon himself the appearance of a clergyman.

Blue Pigeon Filers, fellows who steal lead off the tops of houses and churches.

Bravos, bullies.

Brisket-beater, a Roman catholick.

Bubb-rum, good liquor.

Cake, an easy foolish fellow.

Clickman-toad, a watch.

Cove lumber, a person that keeps a place for thieves only.

Curlers, Jews who sweat guineas by rubbing them together for the dust.

Cursitons, broken-down lawyers, Newgate attornies.

Cramp-words, sentence of death passed on a criminal.

Cucumbers, taylors.
Darbies, fetters.
Dinger, pick-pocket, thief.
Dubb the jigger, fasten the door.
Dubber, a picker of locks.
Eve-droppers, mean petty fellows, who rob hen-roosts.
Eriffs, young thieves in training.
Frying-pans, bad halfpence.
Floorers, a species of fellows who throw people down in the street, when their companions (under the pretence of assisting) rob them while lifting them up.
Groaners, a sort of fellows who attend methodist meetings, for the purpose of sighing and looking demure, in order to give a colour to the sermon; in the mean time pick the pockets of the good-disposed persons who may be in the same pew with them. Likewise attend charity sermons, and rob the congregation of their watches on coming out of church; exchange bad hats for good ones; steal prayer books, &c.
Grubb, provender, victuals.
Gunpowder, an old woman.
Hell, the place where taylors deposit their cuttings, or cabbage.
Hempen Widow, a woman whose husband has been hung.
Hoister mots, women who go into shops, and privately steal some small article.
High Tober, the highest order of thieves, who rob on the road, well dressed and mounted on fine horses, always to be found in the most genteel company.
Hunt box, a pulpit.
Irish evidence, false witness.
Jumpers, fellows who get in at the windows to rob a house, in the day time.
Kill devil, new rum.
Kid-day, villians who defraud young apprentices and errand boys of their parcels of goods.
Kinchin Cove, fellows who steal children for beggars, &c.
Lambskin men, the judges.
Line of the old author, brandy.
Mill his nob, break his head.
Norway neckcloth, the gallows.
Pontius Pilate, a pawnbroker.
Provender, money taken on the highway.
Quail pipe, a woman's tongue.
Rum blowing, handsome girl.
Resurrection men, fellows who steal dead bodies from churchyards for the surgeons.
Sew up the sees, to give a person two black eyes.
Spooney, a foolish fellow; easy to part with his money.
Stifle a squeezer, murder a child.
Soul driver, methodist preacher.
Swaddler, a pretended preacher; when a number of people are assembled, his accomplices pick their pockets.
Slapbang, a cook's shop.

Shop-lobber, a powdered fop.
Tombstones, teeth.
Tabby, an old maid.
Translators, sellers of old mended shoes and boots.
Tears of the tankard, drops of liquor.
Upright man, head of any crew.
Whisker, a lie, a bouncing wonderful story.
Wall flowers, clothes exposed for sale in the streets.
Whack, share of the booty.
Wheadle, a sharper.
Whiddler, an informer.
Yack and onions, watch and seals.
Yam, to eat hearty.
Yankee, a tawney man.
Your red rag will never lie still, your tongue will never be quiet.

PROPHECIES

For the Year 1810.

In the course of this year, a great many ladies will catch cold, for want of clothing, while many others will carry their whole wardrobe on their back, and yet be starved to death.

Three or *four* young ladies, of good property and expectation, will fall violently in love with young men of neither these requisites; and many dreadful disappointments will happen on both sides.

Several capital failures will happen during this year; and when their affairs come to be investigated, it will appear they never should have cut nor supported the figure and consequence they did. Their downfal will afford high entertainment to those who envied them, when their gigs and tandems come to the hammer.

Two or *three* duels may occur, and the parties, somehow or other, will miss fire--never meaning to hit each other. And one or two, where the consequences are more serious, the parties may stand trial, but the laws of honour will prevail in favour of their acquittal.

A general taste will prevail for reading, and many will get up late in the morning, because they went to bed late at night.

Thousands of sermons will be preached, and not attended; and many that are attended to, will not be understood.

Some deaths will happen from an overgormandizing stomach, and few from want of bread to eat—but most deaths, this year, will be occasioned by a want of breath.

It will be the fashion for ladies to wear no pockets; and a variety of circumstances may occasion some men to need none.

Dashing fellows will play high at game, when they have nothing to lose, and infamously defraud incautious creditors. They will assume the consequence of a flourishing capital, by a *certificate* they commonly carry about them, called impudence.

Elections and electioneering will run high as ever, as soon as the *spring* campaign commences, when *red* noses, *black* eyes, and *long* faces will be exhibited with their usual splendour.

Great preparations will be made for travelling excursions, and many will be performed; but little pains taken for that journey, *from whence there is no returning.*

A DIALOGUE,

BETWEEN A SWORD AND A RUM-HOGSHEAD.

Sword. So, Mr. Spirits, I find you have lately been usurping an honour, which was conferred originally upon me, that of being the first messenger of death to the human species. Pray, sir, by what arguments do you support your claims above mine? Am I not the most ancient and the most universal destroyer of mankind? Have I not been the instrument, in the hands of Alexander, and Cæsar, and ten thousand other military butchers, of filling up vallies, and creating mountains, by means of the bodies of dead men? Do I not act in a variety of ways? For, whether human life is destroyed, by means of a lance, a pike, a hanger, a bullet, a gun, a cannon ball, or a mine, it is all affected by my means; for the *Sword*, by a usual figure in rhetorick, is made to signify them all. Besides, producing this mortality, am I not the cause of all the distress, poverty, desolation, and slavery, which have appeared in every country, upon the face of the earth?

Rum-hogshead. I shall not dispute about the antiquity of our origin, Mr. Sword, although I have some reason to believe, as I

shall say hereafter, you would gain nothing by a controversy upon that point. As to the universality of your dominion over human life, I deny that it is equal to mine.—You destroy *men* only, but I destroy *men*, *women* and *children*. Yes, the ladies in every part of the world, yield to the seduction of spirituous liquors. I call it *seduction*, for I generally overcome them, by first exciting in them a love for bitters, before dinner, or for remedies against the cholick, or low spirits, both of which are generally prepared by infusions in spirits. As for children, I destroy them, by persuading their parents that a dram of raw rum or whiskey is necessary for them every morning, to keep the fog out of their throats, and thereby prevent their getting the fever and ague. But, further, you destroy life in *one season* of the year, and in the *day time only*, but I keep a destructive campaign during *every month* of the year ; and, such is the attachment of many people to me, that, after having served them as a cordial during the day, I perform the office of a pillow, and administer to them destruction every hour of the night. As to the monuments you have erected, in every part of the world, they do not contain half the number of dead bodies which I have from time to time conveyed, by means of diseases, to the different grave-yards, in every part of the globe. I admit the various shapes by which you have effected the destruction of mankind, but, in answer to this, give me leave to mention the different names and forms by which I have spread misery and death over the world. Rum, whiskey, brandy, gin, stinkibus, bitters, toddy, grog, slings, and fifty other liquors, all come under the denomination of Spirits. It is your province to destroy life *suddenly*, and only in *one* way. But I kill gradually, and in an hundred different ways. When I act by means of stinkibus (alias New-England rum) or rye whiskey, fresh from the still, my patients generally live only two or three years : but when I make choice of old Jamaica, or cogniack, as instruments of death, they sometimes exist seven or eight years. I permit this, by the bye, only to spread the seeds of death more extensively ; for persons of slender observation, ascribe the death of the people to other causes. I said that I kill in a hundred different ways. Yes, half the diseases of the human body are produced by spirits. The jaundice and dropsy, sore eyes and sore legs, a burning in the soles of the feet, fits of various kinds,

gout, melancholy and madness, want of appetite and digestion, and many other complaints, for which I cannot give you the technical names, are all brought on by my influence upon the human body. You boast of the distress, poverty, desolation and slavery which you have brought upon mankind—But, what are all these to the evils which follow in my train? Wherever I go, all the calamities you have mentioned, together with the gaol, the wheel-barrow, and the gallows, crouch before me for customers. Factions and rebellions originate with me, especially in the United States, for, they are both hatched in still-houses and low taverns, before they appear in news-papers and in mobs. I create domestick broils and family disputes; and, lastly, even war and murder are often the offsprings of spirituous liquors.

You began, Mr. Sword, by boasting of your antiquity. You were invented by Tubal Cain, and first used by Nimrod. But, I claim origin not only more ancient, but much more honourable. The *still*, the *worm*, and the *cooling tub*, were all the invention of a prince, more ancient than Adam, and more intelligent than the wisest man that ever lived upon the earth. Spirituous liquors are the current coin of his kingdom. They bear his image and inscription. They are the visible marks of his invisible power. The prince, I allude to is, the—*Devil*.

COLLEGIATE EXAMINATION.

Professor. What is a SALT-BOX?

Student. It is a box made to contain salt.

P. How is it divided?

S. Into a salt-box, and a box of salt.

P. Very well; shew the distinction.

S. A salt-box may be where there is no salt; but salt is absolutely necessary to the existence of a box of salt.

P. Are not salt-boxes otherwise divided?

S. Yes, by a partition.

P. What is the use of this partition?

S. To separate the coarse salt from the fine.

P. How? Think a little.

S. To separate the fine salt from the coarse.

P. To be sure: it is to separate the fine from the coarse; but are not all salt-boxes yet otherwise distinguished?

S. Yes; into *possible*, *probable*, and *positive*.

P. Define the several kinds of salt-boxes.

S. A *possible* salt-box is a salt-box yet unsold in the hands of the joiner.

P. Why so?

S. Because it has never yet become a salt-box in *fact*, having never had any salt in it; and it may possibly be applied to some other use.

P. Very true—for a salt-box which never had, hath not now, and perhaps never may have any salt in it, can only be termed a *possible* salt-box. What is a *probable* salt-box?

S. It is a salt-box in the hand of one going to a shop to buy salt, and who hath six-pence in his pocket to pay the grocer; and a *positive* salt-box is one which hath actually and *bona fide* got salt in it.

P. Very good—but is there no instance of a *positive* salt-box, which hath no salt in it?

S. I know of none.

P. Yes; there is one mentioned by some authors; it is where a box hath by long use been so impregnated with salt, that although all the salt hath been long since emptied out, it may yet be called a salt-box, with the same propriety that we say a salt herring, salt beef, &c. And in this sense, any box that may have accidentally or otherwise, been long steeped in brine, may be termed *positively* a salt-box, although never designed for the purpose of keeping salt. But tell me, what other divisions of salt-boxes do you recollect?

S. They are further divided into *substantive* and *pendant*; a *substantive* salt-box is that which stands by itself on the table or dresser; and a *pendant* is one that hangs upon a nail against the wall.

P. What is the idea of a salt-box?

S. It is that image which the mind conceives of a salt-box, when no salt-box is present.

P. What is the abstract idea of a salt-box?

S. It is the idea of a salt-box, abstracted from the idea of a box, or of salt, or of a salt-box, or of a box of salt.

P. Very right—and by these means you acquire a most perfect knowledge of a salt-box; but tell me, is the idea of a salt-box a salt idea?

S. Not unless the ideal box hath ideal salt in it.

P. True—and therefore an abstract idea cannot be either salt or fresh, round or square, long or short; for a true abstract idea must be entirely free of all adjuncts. And this shews the difference between a salt idea and an idea of salt. Is an aptitude to hold salt an *essential* or *accidental* property of a salt-box?

S. It is *essential*; but if there should be a crack in the bottom of the box, the aptitude to spill the salt would be termed an *accidental* property of that salt-box.

P. Very well! very well indeed! What is the salt called with respect to the box?

S. It is called its contents.

P. And why so?

S. Because the cook is content *quoad hoc* to find plenty of salt in the box. TICKLER.

PICTURE OF JAMAICA,

By a wit, who resided at Port Royal.

JAMAICA is the hunghill of the universe; the refuse of the whole creation; the clippings of the elements; a shapeless pile of rubbish, confusedly jumbled into an emblem of chaos; neglected by omnipotence when he formed the world in its admirable order; the nursery of heaven's judgments, where the malignant seed of all pestilence were first gathered and scattered through the regions of the earth, to punish mankind for their offences; the place where Pandora filled her box—where Vulcan fired Jove's thunderbolt; and that Phæton, by his rash misguidance of the sun, scorched into cinder: the receptacle of vagabonds—and the sanctuary of bankrupts—as sickly as an hospital, as dangerous as the plague—as hot as Tophet—as wicked as its monarch: Subject to tornadoes, hurricanes and earthquakes, as if the island, like the people, was troubled with the dry belly-ache.

The chief of their provisions is sea turtle, or toad in a shell, stewed in its own gravy. Its lean is white; its fat of a disgusting colour; and is excellent to put a stranger in a flux; and purge out that part of

those ill humours it infallibly creates. The belly is called callipee, the back callipatch, and it is served up to the table in its own shell, instead of a platter. They have guanas, hickeries, and crabs ; the first being an amphibious animal, shaped like a lizard, but black and large ; the second a land tortoise, which need no description, being as numerous as frogs in other parts, and burrow in the ground like rabbits ; so that the whole island may justly be called a crab warren : they are fattest near the pallisadoes, where they will make a skeleton of a corpse in as little time as a tanner would slay a colt ; or a hound devour a shoulder of mutton after hunting. They have beef without fat, lean mutton without gravy ; and fowls as tender as the udder of a cow, and as juicy as a steak from the haunches of a superannuated cart horse. Milk is so plenty that you buy it for fifteen pence a quart ; but cream so very scarce that a firkin of butter of their own making, would be so costly that the richest man in the island would be unable to purchase it. They value themselves greatly upon the sweetness of their pork, which indeed is luscious, but as flabby as the flesh of one just risen from a diarrhœa, and ought to be forbidden, as in all hot countries, and among the Jews, for the prevention of the leprosy.

There is very little veal, and that lean ; for in England you may nurse four children much cheaper, than you can one calf in Jamaica. They have coarse teal, almost as big as ducks, and Muscovy ducks as big as geese. But as for their geese they are all swans, for I never saw one in the island.

There are sundry sorts of fish, without scales, and of a serpentine complexion. They eat as dry as shad, and much stronger than stale herrings, or old ling, with oiled butter to the sauce as rank as goose-grease, improved with the palatable relish of a musty anchovy.

They make a rare soup, they call a pepperpot. It is an excellent breakfast for a salamander, or a good preparative for a mountebank's agent, who eats fire one day, that he may get better victuals the next. Three spoonfuls so inflamed my mouth, that, had I devoured a peck of radish, and drank after it a gallon of brandy and gunpowder, Dives like, I could not have been more importunate for a drop of water to cool my tongue.

They greatly abound in a beautiful fruit called a cushue, not unlike an apple, but longer : It is soft and very juicy, but so great an acid, and of a nature so astringent, that by eating one, it drew my mouth like a miser's purse, and made my palate as rough, and tongue as sore, as if I had been gargling my mouth with alum water.

Of water-melons and muskmelons they have plenty. The former is of as cold a quality as a cucumber, and will dissolve in your mouth like ice in a hot frying pan ; and it is as pleasant to the eater, and I believe as wholesome, as a cup of rock-water to a man in a hectick fever. The latter are large and luscious, but too much watry, to be good.

Cocoa nuts and physick nuts are in great esteem among the inhabitants. The former they reckon meat, drink, and clothing ; but the eatable part is secure by so strong a magazine, that it requires a lusty carpenter, well armed with axe and handsaw, to hew a passage to the kernel ; and when he has done, it will not recompence his labour. The latter is as big as a filbert ; their shell is black and japanned by nature, exceeding art ; the kernel white and extremely pleasant to the palate, but of such powerful operation, that by taking two, my bowels were swept as clean as ever night-man swept a vault, or any of the black fraternity a chimney.

They have oranges, lemons, limes, and several other fruits, as sharp and crabbed as themselves, not given them as a blessing, but a curse ; for eating so many sour things, generates a corroding slime in the bowels ; and is one great occasion of that fatal and intolerable distemper, the dry belly-ache ; which in a fortnight, or three weeks, takes away the use of their limbs, so that they are forced to be led about by negroes. A man under this misery, may be said to be the scutcheon of the island, the complexion of the patient being the field, bearing, *or*, charged with the emblems of destruction, proper supported by two Devils, tables ; and Death the crest argent. Many other fruits there are, which are neither worth eating, naming, nor describing ; some which are never tasted but in a drought, and others in a famine.

CURIOUS ACCOUNT OF THE *VILLAGE OF BROEK*,

IN WEST-FRIESLAND.

From Pratt's Gleanings.

THE whole of Broek is a cabinet of curiosities, on which one can scarce gaze, without trembling, lest some injury should be done them even by our homage. My pen seems not sufficiently delicate to describe them. There is but one street through which carriages of any kind are permitted to pass ; and that, as if profaned, is but thinly furnished with inhabitants. Every part of every house, within and without, is painted with the most costly colours ; and though separately examined, the figures and ornaments will be found to violate all laws of proportion, the general effect is really charming. Every street (the one above excepted) is, in every part, clean beyond all comparison, and little gardens, where perennial verdure and bloom seems to preside, (for not a blade of grass, nor a withered leaf, is suffered to rest on the ground) extend from one end of the street to the other ; each man's proper bounds being distinguished by fences of every sort and kind, but all ornamented with a care that makes one rather afraid to touch them. The houses are roofed with tiles so glossy, that in the sun-shine they glitter like spar. The pavement of the street is inlay-work, of beautiful small pebbles of various forms and colours, squared or diamoned, crossed and intercrossed, if I may so express myself, agreeable to the taste or fancy of the proprietors. Shells, pieces of glazed brick, marbles, glass beads, &c. are called in as auxiliaries. To tread upon them seems not only profanation, but peril ; and indeed the inhabitants seem to be of the same opinion ; for the greater part tread with a most distressing caution, and look critically at the shoes of every passenger. In short, were not the age of enchantment past, even from the fairy land of fiction, and could one reduce the solid limbs and unwieldy forms of the owners of this wonder-working village, a traveller coming into it, from the city of Amsterdam, might fancy himself transported by some magician into a region of faries.

As the fact is, it seems, on a comparison of the *place* with the people, that the natives of Brobdignag have here established themselves in a town of Lilliput.

Broek is divided and subdivided by numberless little rivulets that serpentine by the sides of the houses; the paintings and ornaments on the outside of every house look so vivid, as to the colours, as to seem but just finished; yet they have, most of them, stood the tyranny of wind and weather twenty years. In such pretty baby-houses for *full* grown ladies and gentlemen, there reigns more simplicity than could be imagined. I speak of the interiour of these little paradises, where, by the bye, it is not very easy for a traveller to gain admittance. The North-Hollanders are excessively shy at first sight—at Broek more particularly; for if a stranger of a wild air, and rude manner, appears amongst them, they return his behaviour in kind, by shutting their doors in his face; and as a farther proof of dislike, order their wives and daughters into the most retired apartments, where they remain prisoners, till they have assurance of the intruder having left the place. It is, however, only *impertinent* curiosity, or that air of rude command, which too often accompanies a stranger who refuses to make allowances, that is thus disappointed. While I was drinking coffee with a family at Broek, two strangers passed the window in a disorderly manner, peeped into the room, and were rushing forward without any further notice. Two very pretty daughters and their mother, were put to flight instantly, and the master of the house ran to fasten his door, after which he came and took my hand, observing, that although he did not keep an inn for every saucy fellow to come and do what he thought proper, he knew what was due to a well-disposed guest; saying which, he took the opportunity of the ladies' absence to walk over the apartments, any of which, he assured me, were entirely at my service as long as I thought proper to make use of them.

In Broek there is a great deal of female agreeableness amongst the people of higher ranks; and the peasant girls who inhabit the environs, are of a complexion quite delicate. The Dutch women seldom stir abroad, and scarce ever take a walk.

Peckham tells us of a singular custom retained in North-Holland, of having a door in every house, which is never opened, but when

a corpse is carried out; he should have added the information of this door's being opened only on two occasions—the *marriage* or death of some one of the family. There is something very solemn in the custom, and may conduce, perhaps, to some domestick morality. It is a great door in the centre of the house. A smaller one, on the left hand side, is that which serves for ordinary purposes.

SLIP-SLOP.

Æmilius-Paulus Faminius Quintus Julius Cæsar Muzzlemump, is a man of fine natural sciences, and was educated in the learned profession of a soap-boiler. When he had gone through a regular process of his professional studies, it happened that the beautiful and accomplished Miss Margaretta-Maria Sophia Angelicana Grizzlegig, became deeply enamoured with this same Æmilius-Paulus Flaminius Quintus Julius Cæsar Muzzlemump, and was married to him, contrary to the consent of both her papa and mama, who kept a respectable pawnbroker's repository in the polite neighbourhood of Drury-Lane.

A reconciliation, however, was gradually brought about; and, in the course of three years, the father and mother both departed this transitory life, leaving Æmilius-Paulus and Margaretta-Maria in possession of a genteel fortune.

Æmilius-Paulus now gave up his business, whereby he became enabled to enjoy at large those more accomplished pursuits for which nature had so manifestly designed him.

It is about five years since Æmilius-Paulus quitted business; in which time, as he himself says, he has made no small progress in the circle of polite literature: but, unfortunately, Æmilius and Margaretta-Maria are strangers to that inviolable maxim, upon which subsist all the felicities of wedlock; for, in general, whatever the one admires, the other has a particular aversion to. In short, they scarcely ever agree two days together; and the subjects upon which they quarrel, are frequently education and family.

It is not many days since I had the honour to attend the above lady and gentleman in a hackney coach to that agreeable situation called Mount Pleasant. "I do insist upon your going," says Æmilius-Paulus; "for I'll shew you one of the sweetest and most rurallest places you ever seed." But we had not ridden half a mile from Smithfield, when Æmilius-Paulus, putting his head out at one of the windows, ordered the coachman to drive more faster; upon which Margaretta-Maria, putting her head out at the other, ordered him to drive more slower. "Drive more faster, I say coachman," cries Æmilius-Paulus."—"I say drive more slower, coachman," cries Margaretta-Maria.—Æmilius-Paulus submitted, and the horses kept only a gentle trot.

When we were arrived at Mount Pleasant, and had ordered tea and coffee, Æmilius-Paulus taking me by the arm, assured me, he would now shew a most captervating prospect. "We'll just," says he, "walk up to the surplus of the Mount, and then we have all before us. Here! here! here's beauty, already!—Now here! now mind! only obsarve!—There's Shooter's Hill!—and there!—Don't you see that there white house there? Don't you see a thing like a cubola?—Skim your eye a little more this way, and then you'll have it.—O ravishing landscup!—and there's St. Paul's church just before us!—and there's the Monerment!—and there's St. Bride's church, where my wife and I was married!"—"Ay, hang the church," cries Mrs. Muzzlemump, "I've hated the sight of it ever since."—"And so have I too," replies Æmilius-Paulus.—"And there you see the river Tems, and the hills in Surrey!—Now isn't this the most rurallest and most sweetest place you ever see'd!—This is the place for pholosophers!"

Mrs. Muzzlemump, with a kind of contemptuous smile, observed, "that she had been taught to understand, that pholosophers always choose solontary places to live in:" but Æmilius-Paulus insisted that she knew nothing about the matter.

When we had sufficiently viewed each attractive object, and retired to the coffee-room, Æmilius, looking very importantly at me, asked me whether or no I had ever read Pope's works? "That there Pope," added he, "was a man of fine talons, and a true son of Parmassicus!" Mrs. Muzzlemump, turning her head gracefully towards me, most politely apologized for the insipidity of her husband's company. Upon which, Æmilius-Paulus, looking dreadfully angry at her, called her "a poor illiter'd wretch!"

"Illiter'd?" replies Mrs. M. with fine spirit—"What do you mean, Sir, by illiter'd?—My family was never none of them illiter'd! My uncle Hogwash, of Cripplegate Ward (that's now dead and gone) was famous for his larning, and gave me the best of edercashions, and I was always look'd upon as a lady of genus and senterment, till I had the misfortune to take leave of my senses, and throw'd myself headlong away upon a paltry soap-boiler! I mought have ——."

"Soap-boiler, Madam!" replies Æmilius-Paulus, with great dignity of resentment—"a soap-boiler! surely as good as the daughter of a scurvy pawn-broker!"

"Intolerable imperance!" cries poor dear Mrs. Muzzlemump, with tears in her eyes—"What do you mean you willain, by your scandal on the memory of my papa?—I wish he was alive to beat you."

Æmilius-Paulus would have continued the quarrel, had not I interfered: Mrs. Muzzlemump, however, renewed it on our return home; and supremely happy I therefore thought myself, when the welcome moment arrived for my taking leave of this blessed couple.

Two of the greatest evils, surely, which deform the human mind, are pride and ignorance united.

The above amiable lady has an only daughter, to whom nature has indulgently given many personal attractions: but it were better perhaps for the daughter, if she was less pretty; for the lessons which she receives daily from her accomplished mamma, may render her in spite of all her beauty, one of the ugliest objects breathing.

ADVERTISEMENTS EXTRAORDINARY.

THE SAPIENT OYSTER.

The marvellous exercise of intellect, noble passions, dexterity, and activity, which dignify the character and performances of this enlightened and accomplished "testaceous bivalve fish," laughs to scorn the pitiful expedient which the proprietors and partizans of

more *foolish* beings are driven to, viz. proclaiming in the turgidity of tumid verbosity the fanciful and false-famed feats of their favourite phenomena. The superficial and momentary lustre by which these objects glitter in the eye of ignorance and credulity is transitory and evanescent, and like the "baseless fabrick of a vision" is eternally annihilated, and its doom receives the broad seal of oblivion, when brought into competition with the plain, simple and unvarnished sketch of the SAPIENT OYSTER's performances, which have petrified with astonishment, *past*, *present* and *future* ages.

He dances two hornpipes at the same time in different parts of the hall, keeping exact time by alternately opening and shutting his shell.—He will tell any lady or gentleman the state of the weather, the hour of the day, the news, &c. &c.—He writes epigrams, songs, acrosticks, &c. with great humour and accuracy, and in less time than a person can read them.—He goes through the manual exercise with a *king's arm*, and at the same time goes through all the broad sword guards.—He discovers the perpetual motion, squares the circle, and finds out longitude, blindfolded.—He plays on two piano fortes, four organs and fifty dozen bassoons at the same time.—He carries on different manufactures on a great scale, and is able to supply the market at a cheaper rate than has been known since the war.—He raises ghosts, and after manœuvring them in the same manner that a military officer does his men—he eats them.—He wages war with Bonaparte, and beats him.—He makes speeches in Congress, and can vote on both sides of the question without rising from his seat.

It is considered a matter of admiration that *Philidor* was able to play four games of chess at once ; but the sapient oyster will play at one and the same time, chess, draughts, backgammon, domino, *props*, all fours, loo, piquet, quadrille, vingt-un, whist, and all other games at cards, also tennis, cricket, billiards, &c. &c. blindfolded and hand-cuffed, and beats his antagonists.

In addition to which, he sweeps chimnies, runs of errands, fights duels, practises law, laughs in his sleeve, gets into cold beds for folks, robs the mail, criticises new publications, takes violent sweats, straitens rainbows, swallows red hot icicles, moderates caucusses, gives lessons in pugilism and the universal language, borrows nine-pences, digs graves, tunes the musick of the spheres, coun-

terfeits bank notes, administers upon estates, performs voyages, tells fortunes, shoots himself, hatches duck's eggs, makes insurance, marries widows, walks in his sleep, makes new-styles, revolutionizes nations, and cuts his own fodder, looks gift horses in the mouth, shaves for a penny, invents conundrum-mills, and many other feats too numerous to mention in a bill.

Price of admittance for men, women and children, 1 *dollar. Baboons, apes, ourang-outangs, &c.* 50 *cents. Quadrupeds generally,* 25 *cents.* FOOLS, *gratis.*

NEW SHOP.

THE subscribers inform the publick in general, and *gentlemen of leisure* in particular, that they propose to open a shop in some convenient part of the town, where they will offer the following gratuitous accommodations. Gentlemen (such as are not customers) will be allowed the best seats round the fire places, where they may talk loud, smoke or drink, as they see fit. The account books of the firm shall be open for their inspection and amusement. Scales, steelyards, &c. shall be furnished for persons marketing, who will be supplied with best gilt letter paper to wrap up sausages, &c. Specie will be given for counterfeit and worn out bills, and small change lent to any amount, without a wish for reimbursement. Gentlemen who favour the subscribers with their company, are requested, when a female customer enters, to crowd close upon her, stare her out of countenance, bore her with impertinent remarks, and talk obscenely and profanely. In moderate weather they will please to blockade the door-way, and by every means in their power prevent the entrance of such a *nuisance* as a customer.

The subscribers doubt not that a plan of such extensive and *rational* accommodation, will meet with liberal patronage from an enlightened publick. HAIRBRAIN, SOFTSKULL, & Co.

Literary Notice.—Proposals are received for publishing a most interesting new novel, entitled, "The Victim of Hyper-sensibility, or the fatal effects of Sheep's Eyes," by a young African lady, aged eight years. The contents is in poetry; and an enigmatical list of of the *sentiments* contained in the work, will be given in a separate atlas, in *red-hot*-pressed paper.

SURPRISING INSTANCES OF LONGEVITY.

PETER Garden, a Scotchman, lived in the parish of Auchterless, and died Jan. 12, 1755, at the extraordinary age of 131 years.

William Pawlet, marquis of Winchester, and lord treasurer of England twenty years together, who died the tenth year of queen Elizabeth, was born in the last year of Henry the sixth : he lived in all an hundred and six years and three quarters, and odd days, during the reign of nine kings and queens of England. He saw, says another, the children of his children's, to the number of an hundred and three, and died in 1572.

Georgias Leontinus, a famous philosopher, lived in health till he was an hundred and eighty years of age : and when it was asked him by what means he attained to such a fulness of days ? his answer was, by not addicting himself to any voluptuous living.

Mr. Carew, in his survey of Cornwall, assures us upon his own knowledge, that fourscore and ten years of age is ordinary there in every place, and most persons accompanied with an able use of the body and senses. One Polezew, says he, lately living, reached to one hundred and thirty : a kinsman of his to one hundred and twelve. One Beauchamp to one hundred and six. And in the parish where himself dwelt, he professed to have remembered the decease of four within fourteen weeks space, whose years added together, made up the sum of three hundred and forty.

Democritus, a most studious and learned philosopher, who spent all his life in the contemplation and investigation of things, and lived in great solitude and poverty, yet died at the age of 109 years.

William Postel, a Frenchman, lived 120 years, and yet the top of his beard on the upper lip was black, and not grey at all.

Galen, the physician, who flourished about the reign of Antoninus the emperour, is said to have lived 140 years. From the time of his 28th year, he never experienced any sickness, except a slight fever, for one day only. The rules he observed, were, not to eat or drink his fill, nor to eat any thing raw, and to carry always about him some perfume.

Thomas Parr, son of John Parr, born at Alderbury, in the parish of Winnington, in 1483 : at 80 he married his first wife Jane, and

in the space of 32 years had but two children by her. At the age of 120, he fell in love with Katharine Milton, who actually proved with child by him. He lived above 150 years.

James Sands, of Horborne, near Birmingham, lived 140 years, and his wife 120. He outlived five leases of 21 years each, made to him after he was married.

Franciscus Alvarez says, that he saw Albuna Marc, chief bishop of Ethiopia, being then at the age of 150 years.

A man lately died in Lithuania, at the age of 160 years. In his 89th year he took a second wife, a girl of 15 !

At Tricomea, South-America, in 1780, a negroess was living at the age of 175 years.

The Hon. Simon Bradstreet, who was governour of Massachusetts till he was 75 years of age, died at Boston, March 27, 1698, at the age of 97 years.

Mr. Boniface Burton died at Boston, June 13, 1669, aged 113.

Nov. 16, 1760, Mrs. Cottrel died at Philadelphia, aged 115 ; and her husband died 4 days after, aged 120.

In South-Carolina, in 1770, Mrs. Dedcot died at the age of 100 years ; Mrs. Massy, aged 102 ; and Mrs. Massy's nurse, aged 115.

EVENTS OF FORMER TIMES.

MARCH, 1739. *A Religious Thief.*—One John Hemming, who lodged with Mrs. Mills, an elderly gentlewoman, at Barnwood, Eng. and rented 12l. per annum, broke open her box, and stole thereout in plate and money to the value of 40l. ; in lieu whereof he left her the following consolatory letter : " Madam, lay not up treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do break through and steal." But, &c. Matt. vi. 19, 20. He transcribes from Scripture other verses, viz. Eccl. ii. 21, 23. iii. 13. then goes on, " Whatsoever thou findest in thy hand to do, &c. I hope these frivolous and sudden removeables will put you in mind that you have here no continuing city, and stir you up to live so holily, that was God at any time to say, ' This night shall thy soul be required of thee,' you might with pleasure say, ' Lo, I

come.' Then follow more scriptures, viz. Heb. xiii. 5. Luke vi. 36. Ps. xxxvii. 7." and concludes, " Resolve not to be discouraged in thy Christian course, whatsoever it be thou hast to do or suffer; knowing that as we receive good from the hand of God, we ought in reason to receive evil; nor render evil for evil; that I may not be terrified by any adversaries, nor afraid of their threats, neither be afraid. Sanctify thee the Lord God in my heart."

April, 1764. *A Strange Visit.*—A genteel, well-dressed woman went into a noted house near Charing-cross, and after enquiring of the waiter what company was in the house, desired to be shewn into a room in which were three officers spending their evening over a bowl of punch. After dismissing the waiter, she apologized for the liberty she had taken, in thus introducing herself, telling them she had sometimes the misfortune to be low-spirited, and that she thought the readiest way to divert her melancholy was, to mix with such agreeable, cheerful company, and that she begged their permission to sit down and partake of their mirth. After some hours conversation, she was so pleased with her new companions, that she desired their further acquaintance, and familiarly invited one to her lodgings. In the morning he was awaked with the threats of murder. A man approached the bed-side with a pistol, and after presenting it to his face, declared his resolution to despatch him. At some distance stood another, with a naked sword. The officer begged for some few minutes to acquaint them with the last night's adventure, and hoped that this story would plead for mercy. After hearing all the several circumstances, the enraged gentleman was a little softened, and promised the officer his life on these conditions, that he would appear at Doctor's Commons, and there declare the truth; assuring him he had long suspected his wife of playing these tricks in his absence, but could never before make any discovery; that a divorce was what he wanted, and when he had obtained this favour, the gentleman was extremely welcome to madam's embraces.

An Extraordinary Christening—was celebrated at Mr. Hibbert's, collar-maker, near Walton, in Nov. 1761, where two hundred people were assembled. A lamb was roasted whole, with a pudding in the belly, the horns gilt; two buttocks of beef, two hams, two gammons of bacon, two dozen of fowls, sixty plumb-puddings, a but of beer, besides punch, wine, &c. It was a present of his wife's father, promised at the wedding, for the first child's christening.

An Extraordinary Voice.—A certain young woman living in Bristol, was taken ill of the small-pox: her mother attended her in her illness; her father was a clergyman, living more than twenty miles from the city. One night her sister, who was at her father's, being in bed, heard the voice of her mother lamenting herself upon the death of her daughter. This much surprized her, knowing that her mother was then as far as Bristol. When she arose in the morning, her father, seeing her look much concerned, asked her what was the matter with her? "Nothing," says she: Her father reply'd, I am sure something is amiss, and I must know what it is. Why then, father, says she, I believe my sister Molly is dead; for last night I heard the voice of my mother lamenting her death: says her father, I heard the same myself, and her voice seem'd to me to be in my study. Soon after, the same morning, came a messenger with tidings of her death. The deceased was brought to her father's to be buried, and after the funeral, her mother relating the manner of her daughter's illness, and that as soon as her daughter was dead, she being weary with watching, and tired for want of sleep, lay down in her clothes, and dream'd that she was with them telling her grief for the loss of her daughter. This surprized them; and asking what time, it appeared to be much the same in which they heard her voice. This happened in April, 1720.

Oct. 1764. *Unaccountable Love.*—As a gentleman of family and fortune, who has a seat in Berkshire, was coming to town with his family, one of his carriages broke down within fourteen miles of London, which laid him under the necessity of hiring post-chaises for the remainder of the journey. The gentleman's daughter, who is twenty-three years of age, and reckoned a great beauty, seemed particularly affected with a very smart fellow of a hostler, who distinguished himself by his activity, in getting the horses put to the chaises, &c. In reward for his dexterity, the young lady enquired his name, made him a handsome present at that time, sent for him on the Friday following, and married him with a special licence on Saturday. It was said she had 20,000l. independent of her friends. As soon as the ceremony was over, they set out for Bath.

1761.—Some young gentlemen drinking at a tavern in Whitechapel, one of them, considerably in debt, was informed of two bailiffs loitering about the door; on which they came to a resolu-

tion to send for two men to nail the two bailiffs by their clothes to the post which they leaned against. This being effected unperceived, they gave the men a crown for their trouble, and paying their reckoning, went out; when the bailiffs attempting to move from their station in a hurry, each of them got a most violent fall on the stones, and before they could disengage themselves, the young gentlemen made off with their companion.

A Strange Infection in the year 1752.—The grave digger at Chelwood, in Somersetshire, lately opened a grave, wherein a man, who died of the small-pox, had been interred about 30 years ago. By the deceased's desire, he was buried in an oak coffin, which was now so firm, that it might have been taken out whole; but the grave-digger not chusing that, forced his spade through the lid, when there came forth such a stench, that he never smelt the like before. It being a person of credit that was to be buried in the grave, the whole village attended the funeral, as well as many people from the neighbouring villages; and a few days after 14 persons were seized in one day with the usual symptoms of the small-pox, and in three days more every soul but two in the whole village, who had not had it, were seized in the like manner. Their disorder proved to be that disease, and was so favourable, that no more than two persons died of the whole number, which was about 30; and one of them was a woman who came down stairs when the pock was at the height, and died the same night. The same disorder was carried all round the villages by the country people who attended the funeral, and proved very favourable every where.

A noted Sharper, and a peculiar Punishment.—One Stroud, who under various characters, and many different names, had defrauded divers persons, was tried and found guilty before the bench of justices at Westminster-hall. He had formerly enjoyed a very plentiful fortune, which he spent, and then had recourse to sharping, in order to support his extravagances: he had taken in a tailor for a suit of velvet clothes trimmed with gold; a jeweller for upwards of 100l. in rings and gold watches, which he pawned; a coach-maker for a chaise; a carver and a cabinet-maker, for household furniture; a hosier, a shoe-maker, a hatter, and one of almost every branch of business, to the amount of 500l. He sometimes tricked in the character of a gentleman, attended with livery servants; at other times he appeared in the character of a gentleman's steward; and

there is scarcely any character he did not personate, in order to defraud, as appeared by the evidence in court. The said infamous villain received the following remarkable sentence, viz. to be committed to Tothill-fields Bridewell to hard labour for six months, and within that time to be six times publicly whipt, viz. on Jan. 16, from the end of Nassau-street, in Gerrard-street, to the end thereof next Prince-street, and back again ; on Feb. 15, from the Admiralty coffee-house by Charing-cross to the Meuse-gate ; on March 16, from the corner of the Hay-market, through Pall-Mall, to the turning into St. James's-square ; on April 20, from St. James's-Street in Long-Acre, to the end of the said Long-Acre next St. Martin's lane ; on May 23, from the end of Bridge's-street, through Russel-street, to the end next Covent-Garden ; and on June 24, from the White Bear-Inn in Piccadilly, along the said street to St. James's church. When he received his sentence, he pleaded that in his infancy he had the misfortune of having his back broke, which rendered that part of him so weak that he could not support the punishment ; but he was told, that nothing could supersede the consideration of his being publicly exposed for such flagrant crimes.

As his Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester was returning home from Greenwich, alarmed with the bitter crying of a woman whose husband had embarked for Ostend, he ordered his carriage to stop.—Upon inquiring what she wanted, the woman very freely replied, a little money ; his Royal Highness immediately gave her two guineas, and asked if he could further serve her—she then said, that she was very much tired ; upon which his Royal Highness observed, that there was no room *inside*, but if she would accept of an *outside* place in his carriage, it was very much at her service ; the woman chearfully acquiesced, and came to town in this unexpected state of elevation, to the no small entertainment and admiration of her spectators.

Jones, who is condemned for robbing the banker's clerk in Hatton-garden, laid a wager of 500l. with a brother Jew previous to his trial that he would be acquitted.—He lost his wager with *extreme vexation.*

The young lady who appeared for the first time in Leonora in the Padlock, was encored in her song of Poor Robbin, upon repeating which, the bird, when she came to the part of "No, no, little wanton, you shall *not* go" broke loose, flew all about the house, and at last took a seat in the boxes.

STRANGE BIRTH.

LYNCHBURGH, *Virg.* Oct. 7, 1789.

ONE of the greatest phænomena nature ever produced, received it's birth in this town this morning ; a poor woman travelling from Denbeigh, in the county of Warwick, was last night taken in labour, and about four o'clock this morning brought to bed of a *Child* with a *Wooden Leg*. Nothing as yet has transpired that can give an idea of the cause, except that the father was an invalid out-pensioner of Kilmainton Hospital. What renders the above circumstance still more surprising is, that this woman has been thirty-four years with child on a former occasion without bringing forth, when an accidental fall *hastened* her delivery. Congress, it is expected, will take care of both mother and child.

TWO ODD FAMILIES.

IN the reign of king William the third, there lived at Ipswich in Suffolk, a family, which from the number of peculiarities belonging to it, was distinguished by the name of the Odd Family.—Every event, remarkably good or bad, happened to this family in an odd year, or on an odd day of the month—and every one of them had something odd in his, or her person, manner and behaviour. The very letters of their christian names always happened to be of an odd number. The husband's name was Peter, and the wife's was Rahab ; they had seven children, viz. Solomon, Roger, James, Matthew, Jonas, David, and Ezekiel. The husband had but one leg, and his wife but one arm. Solomon was born blind of his left eye, and Roger lost his right eye by accident. James had his left ear pulled off by a boy in a quarrel, and Matthew was born with only three fingers on his right hand. Jonas had a stump foot, and David was hump-backed : all these, except David, were remarkable short, and Ezekiel was six feet two inches high at the age of nineteen. The stump-footed Jonas, and the hump-backed David got wives of fortune, but no girl would listen to the addresses of the rest. The husband's hair was black as jet, and the wife's as remarkably white, yet every one of the children were red hair'd. The

husband had the peculiar misfortune of falling into a deep saw-pit, where he was starved to death in the year 1702, and the wife refusing all kind of sustenance, died in five days after him. In the year 1703, Ezekiel enlisted as a grenadier, and although he was afterwards wounded in twenty-three places, he recovered. Roger, James, Matthew, Jonas and David, died at different places on the same day in the year 1713——and Solomon and Ezekiel were drowned together in crossing the Thames in the year 1723.

There was also living at Newbury in Berkshire, a lady who is one of sixteen children by the same father and mother—eight of whom were tall, and eight were short—eight were boys, and eight were girls—eight were twins, and eight born singly—eight were fair, and eight of a very dark complexion—eight spoke French, and eight did not—eight were good dancers, and eight could not dance at all; and eight could sing well and play on some instrument, while the others had no musical abilities.

THE LAST WORDS OF A PUNSTER.

My Friends—It is time for a man to look *grave*, when he has one foot there; every fit of *coughing* has put me in mind of my *coffin*, though *dissolute* men the seldomest think of *dissolution*. This is a great alteration! I, that supported myself with good *wine*, must now be supported by a *small bier*. A fortune-teller once looked on my hand, and said, "This man is to be a great traveller; he will be at the *Diet of Worms*, and from thence go to *Rat-is-bone*."

Now, seeing I understood this double meaning; I desire to be privately buried, for I think a publick funeral looks like *Bury fair*, and the *rites* of the dead too often prove the *wrongs* to the living; methinks the work itself best expresses the number, neither *few-nor-all*. A dying man should not think of *obsequies*, but of *ob se quies*. Little did I apprehend you would so soon see *Tom Stown* under a *tombstone*. I find death smells the blood of an Englishman, and a *fee fa*-intly *fum*-bled out will be a weak defence against his *fee-fa-fum*. P. T. are no letters in death's *alphabet*; he has not *half-a-bit* of either. Every thing should put us in mind of death;

Physicians assure us, that our very food breeds it in us ; so that in our *dieting*, we may be said to *die-eating*. There is something ominous not only in the name of diseases, as *di*-arhœa, *di*-abetis, *dy*-sentery ; but even in the drugs designed to preserve life, as *di*-acordium, *di*-apente, *di*-ascordium. I perceive Dr. *Howard*—and I feel *how hard*—thinks I shall *decease* before the *day cease ;* but before I die, I desire to give some advice to those that survive me : —Let *gamesters* consider that death is *hazard* and *passage* upon the turn of a *dye*. Let *lawyers* consider it is a very hard *case*. And let *punsters* consider it is hard to *die jesting*, when death is so hard in *digesting*.—Here his breath failed him, and he expired.

LONDON PARAGRAPHS.

CURIOUS ASSAULT AND CRIM. CON.

Clerkenwell Sessions.—Mrs. Mary Higgins, a responsible dealer in *oysters*, *muscles*, *periwinkles*, &c. &c. from the purlieus of Carnaby Market, was indicted for violently assaulting a female friend named Elizabeth Bradley. From the testimony of the prosecutrix it appeared, that the defendant is the wife of a shoe-maker, who carries on his leathern operations in a room contiguous to the stall of his *rib ;* that Mrs. Bradley, who was an acquaintance of the family, one day paid them a morning visit, either for the purpose of tasting Mrs. Higgins's oysters, or having her shoes heel-tapped by her friend *Crispin*. But as those friendly meetings are seldom deemed *cordial* without a *modicum* of *gin* or *anniseed*, just to *oil* the *wheels* of affection, Mrs. Higgins was detached with her *pocket-pistol* for a pint of *Hodges' best high-flavoured juniper*, leaving her *sposo* and her female friend *tete-a-tete* ; but on her return with the reviving elixir, what was her astonishment and indignation to find her *sposo* and her *friend* in a situation not to be named ! The gin-bottle flew at their heads in an instant : *lasts*, *lap-stones*, *hammers*, and *pegging awls* followed in quick succession. Mrs. Higgins *brist-*

ling up with anger, *waxed* exceeding wrath, and brandishing the *boot-trees*, threatened to *close* her husband's days, and put an *end* to his life.

Crispin, terrified at the vengeance of his enraged *sposa*, apprehensive of a severe *leathering*, and not liking the *size-stick* with which she threatened to measure his head, abandoned his *quarters*, took to his *heels* and *vamped* off without ceremony, leaving his frail gossip to receive from Mrs. Higgins a complete *welting* in *black* and *blue*, from which no *craft* could save her : although she sought to conciliate the ire of Mrs. Higgins, by assuring her that her husband was as much to blame as she was. Mrs. Higgins, satisfied with the ample *damages* she had taken of her rival, had no notion of proceeding to Doctor's Commons for further revenge : but Mrs. Bradley thought fit to prosecute for the assault. Mrs. Higgins acknowledged the fact, and was of course subject to a verdict of Guilty, and fined *one shilling*.

Whiskers.—A whimsical investigation took place not long since before Justice Graham, in Bow-street. It was a kind of double charge ; the first, made on the part of Mr. Arthur Hill, against a Miss Alice Johnson, a Titchfield-street *belle*, for pulling off one of his *whiskers*, which happened to be of the false kind, in the coffee-room of Covent-Garden theatre. The second was instituted by the lady ; viz. that in consequence of this accidental derangement of the false whisker, Mr. Hill caught her in his arms, and, by a malicious dexterity, let her so far slide through her clothes, as to make that sort of publick exhibition which even shocked a circle of spectators, who are pretty well accustomed to *strange sights*. Mr. Hill, who had previously passed the night coolly in the watch-house, being called on for his defence, justified his plea on the ground of retaliation ; and the magistrate, finding that the first was rather an accidental assault, and that in the latter there was nothing to stir up his majesty's subjects to a *breach of the peace*, although evidently a shameful *breach of decorum*, dismissed the parties with a reprimand, and an injunction to better manners !

A COUNTRY schoolmaster, who has compiled a dictionary for the use of his own pupils, says, that CRIM. CON. are *two idle young fellows* that go about the country *seducing mens' wives !*

Anecdote of Dr. Franklin.—His peculiar talent was that of illustrating subjects by apposite anecdotes. After the news of the destruction of the stamped paper in America had arrived in England, the ministry sent for the Doctor to consult with; and, in conclusion, offered this proposal:—"That if the Americans would engage to pay for the damage done in the destruction of the stamped paper, &c. that parliament would then repeal the act." The Doctor having paused upon this question for some time, at last answered it as follows:—"This puts me in mind of a Frenchman, who, having heated a poker red-hot, ran furiously into the street, and addressing the first Englishman he met there, "*Hah! Monsieur, voulezvous* give me de *plaisir*, de *satisfaction*, to let me run this poker only one foot into your body?"—"My body!" replied the Englishman, "what do you mean?"—"*Vel den*, only so far," marking about six inches. "Are you mad?" returned the other; "I tell you, if you don't go about your business, I'll knock you down."—"*Vel den*," said the Frenchman, softening his voice and manner—"Vil you, my good sire, only be so obliging as to pay me for the trouble and *expense* of heating this poker?"

The Miss Morgans of Chester.—One of these ladies, a few weeks since, while seated in her box at the Opera House, in London, was somewhat surprised at hearing a strange voice in the lobby familiarly inquiring for *Sally Morgan's* box? The door of her box was presently afterwards opened, and a gentleman whom she never recollected to have seen before, made his appearance. In an instant the young lady, with a wit and vivacity natural to her, addressed the unknown intruder in the following words:—

"In supposing this *Sally Morgan's* box, Sir, you certainly are not mistaken: *Sally Morgan* has the satisfaction of being present to tell you so; and at the same time to request of you, that as you *sal-lied* into *Sally Morgan's* box to please yourself, you will please *Sally Morgan* by *sally-ing* out again."

The stranger, too confused to offer an apology, instantly withdrew, and the subject has afforded much merriment to Miss M. and her friends very often since.

A Smith on the Brighton road advertises, that "he shoes wheels, and *steals* hatchets."

A gentleman going into the study of his friend, who was a youth of the poet tribe, and finding him absent, and the following unfinished stanza lying on the desk—

The sun's perpendicular height
Illumin'd the depth of the sea ;

took up a pen, and thus concluded—

And the fishes begining to sweat,
Cried, damn it ! how hot we shall be !

THE Commander of a Volunteer Company in the west of England, lately exercising his men, unfortunately, for *charge bayonets*, provincially exclaimed, *charge bagonuts*.—An old woman who had been selling nuts to the men, thinking the officer asked, " What she would *charge* for her *bag of nuts*," immediately bawled out, " An please your honour, you shall have them all for five shillings."

Irish Review.—Some differences lately occurred between a corps of volunteers and their commandant. The regiment was ordered to appear before the inspecting general, and the colonel, of course, gave the word of command. " Attention—Shoulder arms." Not a muscle nor a musket moved. The command was repeated in a louder voice—the corps was still *motionless*. The general much surprised, beckoned to a serjeant, and asked why the corps refused to act ?—" An't *plaise* your honour," says Pat, making due obedience, " it is *bekays* the colonel and the regiment are not on *spaiking* terms !"

While a barber in Cork was shaving a gentleman, he gave him a most severe cut in the cheek, which he attributed upon oath to some unaccountable shake that fell upon him.

A truly ludicrous pugilistick contest took place lately in St. James' street. A party of May-day chimney sweepers were exhibiting their garlands in front of White's coffee-house, when a gentleman, who was pleased with their eccentricities, threw them out a shilling ; the motley groupe rushed to pick it up, and in the scuffle the piece of money was lost. It appeared that the party had strong ground to believe that the lady of the company had secreted the same ; in consequence of which she was publicly accused, and denying the charge, a challenge ensued ; a fight followed, and

the borrowed finery was quickly torn from the combatants. They fought with great courage for near half an hour, when the boy who wore the female habiliments gained the victory: and a man of fashion, who had paid great attention to the encounter, liberally rewarded him for his spirit.

Extraordinary circumstance.—Eight weeks ago a terrier dog, in persuit, it is supposed of a hare, was seen to fall into the shaft of an unwrought coal-pit, in Elswickfields, near Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Its howling was frequently heard, and many persons threw stones down, with the view of putting it out of its misery, but without effect. On Wednesday se'nnight, a mason of that town, prompted by humanity, sent down his boy, who brought up the poor sufferer, a mere skeleton; but by care it is recovering. When first brought up it could not eat, but lapped water, which, during the whole of the dismal period of its confinement, except the hare which probably fell in with it, must have been its only sustenance.

Extraordinary fact.—About three weeks since, Mr. and Mrs. Potter, of Hempton, near Fakenham, Norfolk, were going out for a few days, when Mrs. P. had occasion to go up stairs to a drawer, and leaving it open for a few minutes, the cat got into it, and, not being observed, was locked up in the drawer, where she continued for nine days, without the least air coming to her, except what the key-hole admitted, and on being let out, the animal after having a little milk, went into the garden, and soon brought in a live rabbit, half the size of itself.

A TASTE OF THE MARVELOUS.

From the Journal of a Balloonist.

"Passing a cloud, I put out my hand, and took a piece of it, and squeezed it like a sponge, and the water ran out. The sun went north about; but never set. At the distance of about fifty leagues above the earth, we saw a white bird sitting on the corner of a cloud. We took it to be one of Mahomet's Pigeons. If we

had had a gun we could have shot it. Passing by the moon, we saw a fellow selling land at auction. He wished us to give a bid, but we told him, we had not come to buy lands in the moon. We came across a comet, but it was asleep. It looked like a tarapin, but had a tail like a fox.

We came near a hail-bank, and filled a hat to bring down with us. The hail-stones were about as large as a pigeon's egg.

A thousand miles above the earth, we passed through a field of turkey buzzards. This would seem to be their region ; and accounts for the circumstance, that no one has ever found a nest of one of these.—These rookeries are out of sight in the atmosphere.

As we approached one of the heavenly bodies, it appeared like an island. We struck upon a planet, but Blanchard got out and pulled off the balloon. We supposed it to be Mercury, as we heard orators harranguing, and a multitude of tongues.

There were marriages going on in Venus, and in Mars we heard the drums beat.

In Jupiter we heard swearing—Oh Jupiter ! by Jupiter ! etc.

We meant to have a pull at one of Saturn's rings, but were blown off the coast, and found ourselves in the lat. of Herschel. Provisions failing, we thought proper to shape our course towards the earth again.

The first thing we saw was the forest of Ardennes, which appeared like a shamrock. The Pyrennian mountains seemed like a bed of parsley ; and the Atlantick ocean, about as large as Loch Swilly.

Within about a league of the earth, Blanchard gave me the parachute, and I came down.

A Limerick Journal observes, that the best mode to *prevent* school-boys from being drowned, is to take care that they be not *suffered to go into the water !*

POETRY.

THE FOOL CLUB.

All whimsical people come hither,
And choose a nonsensical strain;
For who'd be a wit in hot weather,
T' endanger the loss of his brain.

'Tis nonsense we sing and we deal in,
And gen'rously deal it about;
And if common sense chance to steal in,
We kick the precise rascal out.

Whereof, forasmuch, notwithstanding,
Moreover, to wit, furthermore;
Sure never were words so commanding,
So sweetly adapted before.

Thus free from restraint, in we rattle,
Enslav'd by no precepts or rules,
Whilst those who in form prittle prattle,
Are nothing but sensible fools.

Should nonsense from human kind sever,
What numbers must straight away run,
The beau pick his teeth, and for ever
The chatt'ring coquette be undone.

The bards would have little to write on,
The lawyers have little to say;
The criticks would nought have to bite on,
The spouters be dumb through the day.

Besides, for a plague, wit is sent you,
Its owners forever are poor;
Whilst nonsense is vested with plenty,
Whereof you may see now therefore.

DE LEGE.

A LAWYER once, (I now forgot his name)
Essex, no doubt, has many like the same,
Could not, or would not SIGN his office door,
Pretending *Court-Street* had not room for more,
And PRUDENTLY this money-leak to stop,
On moderate terms took half a Turner's shop;
Where, *most expressively* for *both* appear,
"*All kinds of turn'd and twisted work done here.*"

JOHN's ANSWER TO HIS PEGGY.

WHY taunt you thus, dear Peg, when, you know, all the day
On your delicate limbs I with transport could stray;
What number of *smacks* make a *buss*, you inquire?
There there!—A round hundred—By Jove I'm all on fire.

CROSS READINGS.

THE candles purloin'd last Saturday night—
'Tis shrewdly suspected will all come to light.

A good dose of salts, and a gentle potation—
To take out the stains—in a soil'd reputation.

Return'd from their travels to see foreign parts—
Fresh oysters and lobsters, transported in carts.

Two hampers of porter, five casks of salt petre—
Set to musick by Handel, in excellent metre.

A pedlar came travelling by with his pack—
Containing ten white men, a squaw, and a black.

A snow storm, with thunder and lightning, 'tis said—
Fell down the chimney, and roll'd into bed.

BOSTON, Dec. 1809.

MEMORANDA DRAMATICA.

1809.

Dec. 1—Richard the Third, Lying Valet.
4—Macbeth, My Grandmother.
6—Othello, High Life Below Stairs.
8—Gamester, Rival Soldiers.
11—Adelgitha, Flitch of Bacon.
13— do. Sixty-Third Letter.
14— do. Deaf Lover.
15—Romeo and Juliet, The Prize.
18—Othello, Hunt the Slipper.
19—Revenge, Tekeli.
20—Adelgitha, Two Misers.
22—Robbers, Deuce is in Him.
26—Foundling of the Forest, Brazen Mask.
27—George Barnwell, Tekeli.
29—Laugh When You Can, Tekeli.

Enigmatical List of Young Ladies in Boston.

1. A tree well known among mechanicks, and 2000 weight.

2. Three-sixths of a confusion, and a heavenly body, changing a vowel.

3. One half of a fish common to the United States, a preposition, and two consonants.

4. An interjection, two consonants, and a liquid, changing a letter.

5. The reverse of noisy, and what a lady generally wishes for.

6. An interjection, what all desire to do, and a consonant.

7. One half of an ancient general, an article, and passing a shallow stream.

8. Three-fifths of a very scarce article, and a vowel.

9. The residence of an army, and a necessary appendage to a church.

10. Three-ninths of what all are in pursuit of, and what every one ought to be.

11. One-third of a warming-pan, and a tailor's utensil.

12. Four-fifths of a cabbage, a jug, and two vowels.

In our last number we gave a "curious coincidence of the names of persons in Boston"; since which the following have been handed us, with a wish that they may be inserted :—

Brick and Stone	Rust and Irons
Knight and Day	Cotton and Dyer
Fay and Lay	Hall and Pool
Reed and Pray	Cooper and Hooper
Nurse and Dall	Porter and Butler
Wait and Call	Mountain and Hill
Snow and Ball	Coffin and Graves
Noble and Small	Pope and Chaplain
Weaver and Distaff	Locke and Keys
Proctor and Provost	Frost and Friese
Moon and Starr	Page and Lines
Peach and Pear	Duke and Darling!
Hart and Dimond	Kast and Cutt
Gowens and Cumings	March and May
Nance and Jenny	Rice and Hull
Young and Olds	Welch and Irish
Lord and Moses	Bent and Bender
Legg and Bacon	Farmer and Shepard
Knox and Bangs	Camp and Tower
Fox and Swan	Fall and Winter
Wild and Wilder	Beers and Siders
Strong and Weeks	More and Muchmore
Bull and Bullock	Fleet and Flood

MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES.

A MAN of the name of John Baptiste Simon, has been committed to prison at Charlestown, by James Bentham, Esq. charged with robbery. It appears that the prisoner was a seaman on board the brig Reliance, Capt. Darrel, which sailed a few days ago for New-Orleans, and in which Mr. Matthew Bernard had taken his passage and on board of which he had put, among other things, a trunk of jewellry, amounting to between 6 and 7000 dollars. The prisoner being aware of the value of the trunk, watched his opportunity to remove its contents, which he replaced with an equal weight of brick-bats, and made his escape with his booty, leaving Mr. Bernard to proceed on his voyage, unconscious of his loss, which he probably will not discover until his arrival in New-Orleans.—The chief part of the property is recovered.

In the spirit to investigate our internal resources, statements have been laid before the publick of the quantity and quality of salt made in different parts of the country. The Onondaga salt works, in New-York state, give upwards 300,000 bushels. They are the property of the state, and not of individuals. Such is the facility with which it is manufactured (this is stated from personal knowledge) that at the springs the salt is frequently sold at 12 1-2 cents per bushel. The country for more than 100 miles round, receive their entire supplies from this fountain. Several thousand bushels are also exported to Canada. The works are under the regulation and superintendance of an Inspector who is appointed and paid by the state. The expences thus incurred are defrayed by a duty, of 15 cents per barrel on the salt, on delivery, to be paid by the purchaser. The springs are by the shore of lake Onondaga, by the side of which is a small village called Salina. The works can be enlarged at leisure, and the fountains are inexhaustible. Salina is about eight miles north of the Genesee turnpike road from Onondaga Court-House, and about 56 west of the village of Utica (Fort Schyler.) It is but a few miles south of Fort Oswego, which borders on lake Ontario. Lake Oneida, which is in sight, is situated east of the village of Salina. An ascent near Onondaga court-house is perhaps one of the best landscapes in the state, commanding a prospect of the three neighbouring lakes, and all the adjacent villages and country.—Of the article of salt a few other works

remain in this place to be mentioned. The works on Big Yellow Creek, Ohio, give 3,000 bushels. The works near Chilicothe, 3,000. The Kentuckey Licks 60,000. The Indiana salt works, 15,000. The works in Pennsylvania, in Butler's county, 2000. The salt works at Salt Port, 14 miles from the mouth of Genesee river, which empties into lake Ontario, are supposed to yield 50,000.—Thus the whole amount to nearly 500,000 bushels which agreeably to Mr. Gallatin, is about one sixth part of the quantity consumed in the United States.

Accounts from the Mississipi Territory state, that several of the Osage tribe of Indians had been murdered by the Ioways, near the Missouri. Several of the tribes are at war ; and preparations were making for savage depredations.

Attempts have been made to plunder the publick money, on its way from Ohio to Washington ; but they have been frustrated.

Enlightened times.—One SAMUEL SMITH of North-Carolina, has advertised a runaway-negro, and adds, as " the fellow is legally outlawed, I will give one hundred dollars to a person who will kill him !"

The rich increase of publick building throughout the union is noticed by every traveller. The report of New-York New City Hall exhibits the payment from 1803 to 1809, of $273,000, leaving materials valued at 24,000, and giving the actual sum employed already on the building at 249,000 dollars.

On 1st inst. the Turpentine Manufactory near Corlair's Hook, N. Y. was destroyed by fire.

The grand jury of Wilmington, (Del.) New-Castle county, have presented JAMES A. BAYARD, and NICHOLAS VAN DYKE, for neglecting to attend in Congress.

Messrs. WARDS, booksellers, of New-York, have given notice that they shall shortly publish " The life of the late THOMAS PAINE," by the Editor the American Citizen.

A person at New-York has advertised his having obtained a patent for a machine for cutting sausage meat. He cautions all persons against cutting their meat after his manner, without purchasing the privilege.

The remains of ANTHONY WAYNE, a name imperishable as the history of his country, have been transported from the shores of

Lake Erie, and re-interred with appropriate honours, near the place of his nativity, in Chester county, (Penn). The Rev. David Jones, who acted as his chaplain during the revolutionary war, performed the last sad offices to the hero and patriot.

The Charleston, S. C. Homespun Company, held their first meeting on the 23d ult. when an address on the principles of the institution, was delivered by their President.

By the return of the adjutant-general of Rhode-Island, it appears that the militia of that state amounts to 33,505 men.

The Proprietors of the Boston Exchange Coffee-House have organized themselves as a corporation, and have chosen a President, twelve Directors, and a Secretary, for the future management of that stately edifice.

The anniversary of the landing of the forefathers at Plymouth, was celebrated in that town, at New-York, and in this town, on the 22d inst.

From the minutes of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, for the year 1809, we find their increase is 11048, making in the whole 168,038 members in the church.

The Massachusetts Charitable Mechanick Association, held their anniversary and triennial festival in this town, on the 22d inst. They formed a procession from the Exchange Coffee-House to Rev. Mr. Emerson's meeting-house, where an elegant and appropriate address was delivered by BENJAMIN RUSSELL, Esq. President of the Association—after which they returned to the Coffee-House, and partook of a sumptuous dinner, provided by the master of the Exchange.

From the message of the Governour of Pennsylvania, we find the militia of that state is given at 100,000 men, officers and musick included.

The report of a committee of the Legislature of Vermont, gives the following state of its manufactures:—Cotton and linen cloth made during the year past, 1,305,550 yards; woollen, 1,142,445 yards. The different manufactories are—clothier's works, 163; carding machines, 137; furnaces, 8; forges, 26; paper mills, 7; a copperas mine, and a marble factory. The furnace at Vergennes manufactures from 6 to 7000 wt. of pig iron and ware every twenty-four hours.

The Fashions.—Two great coats, of the same size, colour, and quality; the outside one nicknamed a *cape.*

With the females, *bear-skin* has taken the place of the *bare skin* of former times.

Our belles sport stockings with variegated *clocks*, and it is observed that these are the only *clocks* that will *keep time*, during the present intense season.

A kind of *military cap* is so frequent, that it appears as if our èlègantes had been plundering a camp to ornament their persons.

The ladies continue to carry their pockets in their hands; but the gentlemen, this cold season, wear their hands in their pockets.

A southern paper mentions, that a lady has been fined for wearing her clothes *festooned* too high—with a promise that they shall be lowered.

A Misery!—As you are walking with your charmer, round Tuckerman's corner, Dock-square—meeting a drunken sailor, who, as he staggers by you, ejects his reserve of tobacco against the lady's drapery. "Too much," replies the gallant—"*Ne* QUID *nigh miss.*"

Another!—Walking fast and far, in a hot sun, to overtake a lady, from whose dress and air, as viewed behind, you presume an old acquaintance; till, on eagerly turning round, as you pass her, you discover a *blackamoor!*

Ordinations.]—On the 13th ult. Rev. Nathan Leonard, to the charge of the second baptist church in Sutton, Mass.——On the 10th inst. by the Right Rev. Bishop of Pennsylvania, Mr. Charles Burroughs, of Boston, to the holy office of Deacon.

Married.]—At Daventry, Eng. before a large concourse of people, Mr. Edward Hunt, aged 61, to Miss Mary Jeffrey, aged 72, who

has been blind almost from her infancy.—At Clerkenwell, George Wells, aged 85, to Miss Fox, aged 15.——At Minot, (Maine) Mr. Joel Haskell, aged 78, to Miss Phebe Brown, aged 67.——At Roxbury, Robert Hooper, Esq. merchant, of Marblehead, aged 72, to Miss Mary Williams, aged 32, of the former place.

Died.]—At Wandsworth, Eng. Joshua Dawker, aged 103, who sold gingerbread for 80 years, always pretending poverty, and at his death 175 guineas were found quilted in his tattered garments. ——In London, the Duke of Portland, late British Prime Minister, aged 72.——In Halifax, Edward Jordan ; he was executed on the 23d ult. as a pirate and murderer ; having rose upon the captain and crew of sch. Three-Sisters, he compelled Capt. Stairs to jump overboard, who was picked up by a Hingham vessel : Jordan had previously killed two of the crew.——In Harrison, N.Y. Mr. Peter J. Follow, a native of Flanders, aged 120 years : He was at the battle of Ramilies, in 1706 ; had lived in Harrison 60 years, half of which time he was supported by the town. His eye-sight was so good, that he could see a pin on the floor at some distance ; he could handle a sword very dexterously, and not long since would readily take off the snuff of a candle with its point.——In Philadelphia, Mr. Owen Morris, aged 80, the oldest player in America.——In Topsfield, Miss Elizabeth Perkins, aged 100.——In Cape Elizabeth, Mr. Moses Hunscomb, aged 89.——In Worcester, Mr. Benjamin Whitney, aged 98.——In Northampton, widow Mary Rust, aged 95——In New-Bedford, Mr. James Wing, aged 84.——In Kittery, of the bite of a mad dog, in the highest degree of hydrophobia, Mr. Rufus Gould, aged 23, a promising young man.——At Salem, Mr. Benjamin Osgood, aged 90.——In Boston, 29th ult. the venerable William Cooper, Esq. aged 88 years, 49 of which he was town clerk, and it is worthy of remark, that during the whole of the time he was not absent from his duty a town meeting.

The biter bit !—In our last number, in ' Directions for making Chowder,' our friends may have seen the word *smoak'd* introduced, which was agreeable to copy, and which we are since happy to find is correct. A printer was lately *boring* us about what he styled a blunder. On looking over a file of his own papers, we find he says, "the President of the United States sent his communication through the HEAD of the Secretary of State ! !" If this (in the language of the Slang Society) does not look *Spooney*, pray tell us what does.